Dorothy Can a weake empty veſſell beare ſuch a huge full hogſhead? theres a whole marchãts venture of Burdeux ſtuffe in him, you haue not ſeene a hulke better ſtuft in the hold. Come, ile be friends with thee iacke, thou art going to the wars, and whether I ſhall euer ſee thee againe or no there is no body cares.

Enter drawer.

Dra. Sir, Antient piſtol's belowe, and would ſpeake with you.

Dol Hang him ſwaggering raſcal, let him not come hither it is the foule-mouthd'ſt rogue in England.

hoſt. If he ſwagger, let him not come here, no by my faith I muſt liue among my neighbours, Ile no ſwaggerers, I am in good name, and fame with the very beſt: ſhut the doore, there comes no ſwaggerers here, I haue not liu'd al this while to haue ſwaggering now, ſhut the doore I pray you.

Fal. Doſt thou heare hoſteſſe?

Hoſt. Pray ye pacifie your ſelfe ſir Iohn, there comes no ſwaggerers here.

Fal. Doſt thou heare? it is mine Ancient.

Ho. Tilly fally, ſir Iohn, nere tel me: & your ancient ſwaggrer comes not in my doores: I was before maiſter Tiſicke the debuty tother day, & (as he ſaid to me) twas no longer ago than wedſday laſt, I good faith, neighbor Quickely, ſayes he, maiſter Dumbe our miniſter was by then, neighbor Quickly (ſaies he) receiue thoſe that are ciuil, for (ſaide he) you are in an ill name: now a ſaide ſo, I can tell whereupon. For (ſaies he) you are an honeſt woman, and well thought on, therefore take heede what gheſts you receiue, receiue (ſaies he) no ſwaggering companions: there comes none here: you would bleſſe you to heare what he ſaid: no, Ile no ſwaggrers.

Faiſt. Hees no ſwaggrer hoſteſſe, a tame cheter yfaith, you may ſtroke him as gently as a puppy grey-hound, heele not ſwagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turne backe in any ſhew of reſiſtance, call him vp Drawer.

Hoſt. Cheter call you him? I will barre no honeſt man my houſe,

houſe, nor no cheter, but I do not
I am the worſe when one ſaies ſwa
ſhake, looke you, I warrant you.

Tereſh. So you do hoſteſſe.

Hoſt. Doe I? yea in very trueth
leaſe, I cannot abide ſwaggrers.

Enter antient Piſtol, an

Piſtol God ſaue you ſir Iohn.

Fal. Welcome ancient Piſtoll
with a cuppe of ſacke, do you diſch

Piſt. I will diſcharge vpon her

Fal. ſhe is piſtoll proofe: ſir, y
her.

Hoſt. Come, Ile drink no proof
no more than will do me good, for

Piſt. Then, to you miſtris Do

Doro. Charge me? I ſcorne you
you poore baſe raſcally cheting lac
mouldie rogue, away, I am meate fo

Piſt. I know you miſtris Dorot

Doro. Away you cutpurſe raſca
by this wine Ile thruſt my knife in
you play the ſawcie cuttle with me
call, you basket hilt ſtale iuggler,
you ſir: Gods light, with two poin

Piſt. God let me not liue, but I
this.

ſir Iohn No more Piſtol, I would
diſcharge your ſelfe of our compan

Hoſt. No, good captaine Piſtoll

Doro. Captain, thou abhomina
not aſhamed to be called Captaine?
mind, they would trunchion you o
vpon you, before you haue earnd th
ſlaue, for what? for tearing a poore
houſe: hee a captaine! hang him rog